The World.

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WHY NOT AN EGG CLUB HERE?

HEAVEN helps those who help themselves. The people of Cleveland do. They started the meat boycott of two winters ago, and some relief was obtained. Recently they started an egg boycott. They organized a Thirty-Cent Egg Club as a protest against eggs at sixty cents a dozen, and their abstention has had results. "Strictly fresh" eggs are quoted in Cleveland at from fifty-nine to forty cents and "storage firsts" have appeared at twenty-nine cents.

This partial victory in Cleveland coincides with current wholesale prices in New York of from forty-four to forty-six cents a dozen, or an advance of more than 20 per cent. over last year's level. The advance is scored, although, as Secretary Wilson says, "the egg year of 1910 and 1911 had 29 per cent. more eggs in cold storage than the preceding year," and although the metropolis has received since March 1 about 500,000 more cases than during the same period last year, an increase of about 13 per cent. The situation calls for concerted action by the local consumer. Let him start, not a Thirty-Cent Club—that is too low for fresh eggs in winter—but say a Thirty-eight Cent Club and cut out eggs until prices tumble.

It is a matter of only a few months at most. The Brennan law will bring every egg in a New York cold storage house upon the market ten months after it was put there. In March all the hens will be laying. Meanwhile, let the consumer use carrots.

WHERE TO CURE PANICS.

IT would help if this country's banking business had a central reserve association and a flexible bank note system. Yet these advantages—in their substance common to European countries—would act not as preventives of panic, but as partial cure. They would provide the emetics and febrifuges required by a financial digestion that had been abused. They would not prevent the abuse.

Business panics do not originate in the mills or banks. The world had industries for thousands of years and banks for hundreds of years before it had panics. It did not have panics until it originated the joint stock company with securities readily transferable, and these were dealt in upon 'change. The panic is product of stock exchange speculation alone. It represents gravity getting in its tardy work upon financiers who had lifted themselves by their boot straps, reality overtaking the devices of men who had sold what they did not have, physical laws vindicating themselves against the stock exchange predilection for standing pyramids and eggs on the small end.

The way to prevent bourse flurries from bringing disaster to the non-speculative masses is to divorce the exchanges from the banks where the earnings of the masses are deposited. Keep the banks from funding speculation. Let the exchanges be regulated as wiser foreign experience regulates them, and our financial condition will no longer be as variable as our weather.

TYING BROOKLYN IN A KNOT.

BROOKLYN may be unable to find its way home o' nights if the Streets, Highways and Sewers Committee of the Board of Aldermen gets what it wants. It wants to change the names of about four hundred streets. The plan is to give historical names to numbered streets, to abate the confusion presumed to exist where for example there are both a Clinton avenue and a Clinton street, and to wipe out the word "road" where what has become a street wears it.

If this light-headed mischief is done, Brooklyn will be in a double tangle. It is in the peculiar situation of no longer having a city directory. The man who published it has died and the telephone directory contains so many names that if it does not take the place of a city directory at least it discourages the making of one. Under the circumstances, to effect a widespread change in street names would be to isolate Brooklyn from the world's ken. With a back number directory and a brand new street nomenclature the borough would catch it going and coming.

The most obvious and least useful thing for public officials to do is to change the name of something. Usually the change is for the worse. Thus Chatham street has become "Park Row," and Mulberry Bend "Columbus Park," and Blazing Star Ferry "Linoleumville." Thus vulgar innovation may yet abolish Fingerboard Lane, Gun Hill Road and Bull's Ferry Road. Officials would be in better business if they kept the old Brooklyn names and made them stand for better streets.

IF their behavior is good, the three men who received thirty-year sentences in 1901 for causing the death of Jennie Bosschieter, the Paterson mill girl, will be free in 1921. Let them have until then to expiate their crime, nor revive by ill-advised appeals for pardon memories that even now set men's faces into sternness.

Letters from the People

One Idea of the West.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Young men in New York think the West is an Eldorado and give up positions, spending their small savings to come out West and then sometimes get stranded thousands of miles away from home. Clerical positions in the West do not (except in rare cases) pay more than in the East and there are often more than enough "native sons" to fill these positions, who, on account of living at home with their parents, are in a position to do work for a great deal less than a stranger can afford to. There is much railroad and other construction work to be had, but here again there is much competition for each job.

In the City of San Francisco (as in all other cities) there are many unemployed men, some of whom have come West with the idea that there would be all kinds and plenty of work for them.

I think the young man who has but a few dollars more than his railroad fare is a great deal better off in his own town or city. CECIL G. ROSE.

How Many Tons?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What landlord can answer this question, which may be of interest to many flat dwellers? How many tons of pea coal will it take a season running from Oct. 1 to April 15 for heating a ten-family house running from corner to corner? B. H. I.

Holiday Tinkles!

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By Maurice Ketten

Intimate Chats With Women

By Mme. Legrand

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Paying the Fiddler.


MME. LEGRAND.

WHEN any one has transgressed Mrs. Grundy's laws and suffers the consequences, the world shrugs its shoulders and says:

"Well, if you dance, you must pay the fiddler!"

The funny part of it is that we never think of the paying part until the fiddler presents his bill, with a bluecoated officer at his back to enforce the settlement.

The same transaction occurs in the maintenance of a woman's good looks. If she is careless, overindulgent to her love of comfort and neglectful of precautions she is going to pay the fiddler with a vengeance—about ten years before his bill ought to fall due!

The ravages of time are so gradual that they pass the unobservant woman, unnoticed. She knows she has a fund of youth and beauty and she pursues the gay tenor of her way, defying anything on earth to take it from her.

Then, when her eyes are finally opened and she views the glaring ruins of her beauty, she is indignant, resentful at the trick she thinks Nature has played upon her!

* * *

A PLANT, neglected and not watered, dies. A dog or horse that is uncared for soon becomes a miserable looking creature—frowsy and unclean. To preserve anything, faithful care must be exercised. And that is true tenfold when applied to beauty.

You will find that the women who have lived in history on account of their loveliness spent almost their entire time caring for their various charms. Not only that—they knew the havoc played by rich foods, wines, &c., and they avoided them as much as possible.

Alcohol is the surest beauty destroyer known. It works slowly, almost imperceptibly, but when its work is once accomplished it's there for all time. Your eyes show its effect first, then your skin.

Rich, greasy foods and much sugar is another combination that will coarsen your complexion and cause disfiguring blotches.

Lying around in negligee, without corsets, tends to broaden the lines of your figure and obliterate all signs of youth. Dress when you get up and stay dressed, if you want to keep people guessing about your age. The mental satisfaction derived from it shows in your face—you KNOW you're always presentable; the other way you shiver every time the bell rings for fear it's a friend who's going to catch you looking slovenly!

Lack of exercise and too little sleep will dull your eyes. And improper breathing and not enough fresh air will remove any hint of pink in your cheeks.

* * *

BEGIN now to fight against that bill of the fiddler. If you are systematic and faithful in your fight, you'll win—you'll keep your beauty for years.

Remember that when once it's gone, no amount of effort is going to bring it back. And then it will be your turn to hear:

"Well, if you dance, you must pay the fiddler!"

Keep your youth—it's a precious thing! Be active, think young thoughts, enjoy young things with young people. If you have children enter into their pleasures.

And keep watch on your looks. A half hour each day is sufficient to devote to them. But do whatever you're going to do with earnestness and deliberation.

If you avoid excesses of any sort, sleep the prescribed number of hours, exercise, and make fresh air one of your best friends, that fiddler will have to wait until he's old and gray before he puts your contribution into his greedy coin bag!

Not Yet.

"Do you think Christmas cards will ever entirely take the place of Christmas presents?"

"Yes. About the same time that a bill of fare will take the place of a square meal."

Memoirs of a Commuter

By Barton Wood Currie

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BARTON W. CURRIE.

NEXT to the Instalment Mortgage the Dog is the most important institution in Suburbia. It is rarely, also, that the possessor of an instalment mortgage fails to maintain a dog in his household. A good lively dog is a big help in taking your mind off your mortgage. This is especially true if you happen to have a dog with a mean disposition and unable to find any joy in life save in taking chunks out of your neighbors and your neighbors' children.

In a highly specialized community like Dogwood Terrace, where the law forbids dogs to bark after Curfew and where you are fined $10 per bite per neighbor and per neighbor's child and per neighbor's handmaiden, the cost of maintaining a savage pet is considerable. I knew of one case where a $2 dog cost $200 in less than a week, notwithstanding that the animal was muzzled.

That animal belonged to my neighbor, Timothy Brisket, the inventor. He paid the $200 cheerfully. He had bought the dog for the express purpose of breaking off friendly relations with a neighbor of his who borrowed $10 from him every time they met. He attained his object and considers the money spent an economy.

While living in Harlem it had long been my ambition to maintain a dog and win its love and confidence. I didn't care to conduct a kennel in a Harlem flat. I didn't consider it a manly pastime to yank a pup along under the gas lamps at night and not give the poor animal a chance to bite anything or anybody.

Hildegarde did not share with me in this view and kept bringing home fussy little beasts to harass me. After I had lost a dozen or so she became discouraged. She did bring a fat, beloved mutt out to Dogwood Terrace, but when he took one look at the advertised view of the Passaic he blew.

When my good frau had dried her tears I sought to cheer her with the announcement that I would provide a *real* dog for our villa. I had noticed a lot of rather good looking dogs running about and devastating flower beds and shrubbery, but none of them quite appealed to my aesthetic taste.

"What I want in the dog line," I remarked, "is a white dog with a black eye. A good, upstanding dog with plenty of bull in him. And, believe me, he is going to retain his tail and ears. I abhor manicured dogs. When you cut off a dog's tail you denude him of expression. It is bad enough for him to be born dumb. It is the essence of brutality to rob him of his sign manual—*his tail.*"

"But if he's any kind of a pedigreed bull," argued my frau, "he simply *must* not have a tail. It isn't a bit fashionable. It would mortify me to death to take out a long-tailed bulldog on a leash."

"My dog," I retorted, "won't go out on a leash. He is going to be trained to respond to my whistle and to your gentlest summons. As for fashions in *real dogs*, there are none. There are fashions in things on four legs that are called dogs."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Hildegarde, "you are not going to get a cur!"

"A cur!" I scoffed. "I should say not. My dog is going to have pedigree and class, at least on his mother's side. But above all he is going to be some way bull, white, have a black mark over his eye and wear his tail full length."

Well, I got that dog, and his name is Willie John—of which or whom (he's a "whom" to me) more anon.

(To be Continued.)

You or I?

IF we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go;
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I my love to you more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling, and 'tis better so,
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk along the same old, stumbling way—
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go,
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go—
I would not know.
—Every Saturday.

CAUSE FOR WORRY.

Defendant's Wife—Don't worry, dear. The Judge's charge was certainly in your favor.

Defendant (moodily)—I know that. It's the lawyer's charge that I'm thinking about.—Chicago Journal.

The Story Of Our Country

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 35—A Duel That Changed Naval History (Part II).

THE two naval monsters faced each other—the Merrimac, with her sloping metal roof; the Monitor, with its single turret bobbing uncertainly above the waves. From the United States fleet of wooden ships (which must inevitably be destroyed should the Merrimac win) hundreds of men gazed spellbound at the strange conflict.

The eyes of the whole world were strained toward that duel, for its combatants represented a new era in sea fighting. Rude galleys, oar-propelled, had once been deemed the ideal warships. Then had come the bulky, gilded sail-craft, more like floating forts than like ships. These had given place to the swift, murderous frigate, first propelled by sail, then by steam. And now, in a moment, the finest wooden ship afloat had been proved as helpless as a load of kindling wood against the grotesquely-shaped ironclad. The wooden warship was forever doomed. In its place had come metal monsters, the first ancestors of the modern dreadnought.

Our own country had more than a mere scientific interest in the outcome of this duel between Monitor and Merrimac. President Lincoln had sought to cripple the South's mighty export trade in cotton tobacco, &c., by blockading all Confederate ports. This blockade was planned to prevent the South from sending her products to Europe and thus making enough money to carry on the war. Should the Merrimac win Confederate ironclads might scatter one blockading squadron after another and thus enable to South to gain a supply of the one most needful thing in all wars—Money.

The Fight Begins.

The Merrimac, entering Hampton Roads the preceding day, had easily sunk or smashed the wooden warships there. Now, returning the next morning to finish the work of destruction, she found herself confronted by the Monitor, which had just arrived from the Brooklyn yards. The wooden ships had not been able to make an impression on the Merrimac's armor. Before their shot could hit it sufficiently often to do any damage they had been battered into submission. But in the little Monitor the Merrimac had found a far different sort of opponent.

The Monitor drew near to her larger foe. The Merrimac opened the battle by a shot from her bow gun—and missed. Then she turned and sent a heavy broadside at the Monitor. Masses of iron weighing 200 pounds and hurled with incredible force deluged the Monitor's turret and deck without doing any worse injury than to make one or two tiny dents in the outer surface of her armor.

At about the same instant the Monitor got her revolving turret into action and brought her two 11-inch guns to bear on her foe. So fiercely did she buffet the Merrimac that the latter withdrew from the duel and charged upon her former and easier prey, the Minnesota. But before she could inflict any great damage on the wooden ship the Monitor was at her again like a bull terrier at the throat of a St. Bernard.

The "cheesebox on a raft" could not be shaken off. She circled around her foe, blazing away with the two great guns; hammering, dodging, retreating, advancing, always fighting. The Merrimac tried to ram her, but could merely graze her armored decks. The Monitor could manoeuvre in shallow water while her enemy, on account of greater draught, had to stick to the narrow ship-channel.

The Monitor was hard to hit and harder to hurt. The Merrimac's bulk made her an easy target. Yet the Monitor's solid shots were only powerful enough to bend and dent the Merrimac's armor and to strain and crush some of her timbers.

At Close Quarters.

(From the beginning of warfare projectiles have barely kept abreast of the armor opposed to them. The savage's arrow could seldom pierce his foe's cow-skin shield. The mediaeval sword could scarcely hack the mediaeval helmet. The first musket bullet was often flattened against the breast-plate of the period. So it was with the armor-plate and the guns of those first ironclads. Such projectiles as our navy to-day uses would have ripped through the flimsy armor of either of them like a knife through wrapping paper.)

In an effort to run down the Monitor the Merrimac injured her own iron beak. At last, with many of her plates smashed and her gallant little foe apparently as good as new, the Merrimac abandoned the fight and, badly battered, fled back to her moorings at Norfolk.

The duel was never renewed. Nor, strangely enough, was either of the two iron monsters used again in any important engagement, either against each other or against lesser ships. A few months afterward the Confederates, abandoning Norfolk, blew up the Merrimac, and the Monitor was sunk in a gale off Cape Hatteras.

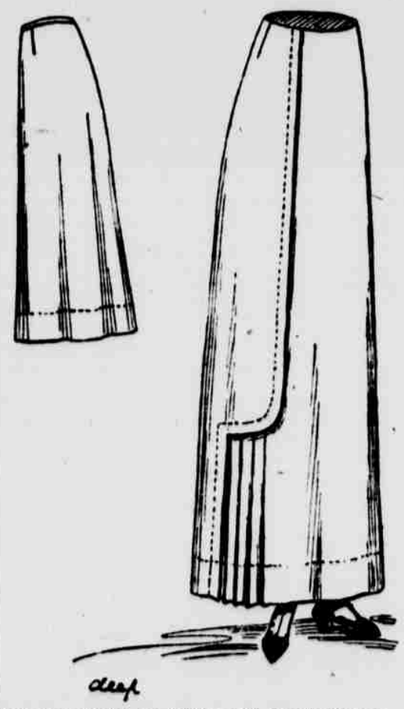
Their sensational duel resulted not only in the saving of the Union fleet and in strengthening the blockade, but it sounded the wooden man-o'-war's death-knell and opened the way to the modern armored battleships.

Picked Up Here and There.

Embedded in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire, England, there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years. The weapon, which was of an old-fashioned type, a short crosspiece forming the handle, was in good preservation, and it is believed had been picked up by the tree at an early period of its existence and encircled with the growth.

The Isthmian Canal Commission will shortly advertise for bids for an experimental towing locomotive for towing steamers through the locks of the Panama Canal. Should this machine be successful, says the Scientific American, bids will be asked for thirty-nine more. Four locomotives will be used for each vessel, one on each bow and one on each quarter. The locomotives will run on rack railways, and they will be sufficiently powerful to hold the largest vessel in absolute control.

The May Manton Fashions



Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women—Pattern No. 7224.

THE skirt that is without a seam at the back and overlapped at the sides is a new and fashionable one. This model suits both small women and young girls and includes plaited panels at the front that provide freedom in walking without adding to apparent width. It will be found desirable for the street suit, for the afternoon gown and for all similar purposes. In the illustration it is made of white broadcloth of chiffon weight, and is cut to the high waist line, but it can be cut to the natural waist line and finished with a belt if more becoming.

The skirt is made in two pieces. The plaited portions are separate and joined to the front gore and the back gore is finished and lapped onto the front gore and plaited portions. The closing is made at the left of the front.

For the sixteen-year size will be required 4¼ yards of materia 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 2 yards 52 inches wi The width at the lo edge is 2⅛ yards or yards when the pla are laid.

Pattern No. 7224 cut in sizes for mis of 14, 16 and 18 yea of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, Greeley Square, corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., at the above address. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.